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THE LATE PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM.

MISS A. J. CLOUGH.

All interested in the higher education of women greatly lament the death of Miss Clough, the Principal of Newnham College, who died of heart disease in February last. From her girlhood she had been an active worker in the cause of the higher education of women.

She was the daughter of James Butler Clough, of Plas Clough, in Denbighshire, and sister of Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet. Of her early youth a great part was spent in the United States and Canada, but when about twenty years of age she returned to Liverpool, her birthplace, and soon began to interest herself in the education of children. In 1842 she opened a day school in Liverpool. Ten years later she went with her mother to live at Ambleside, a small Westmoreland village, where she organized another school, the memory of which, with its tactful, kindly mistress, is still all that is pleasant in the minds of the pupils who were fortunate enough to enjoy its advantages. In 1860 her mother died, and the year after her brother, Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet. After her brother's death she gave up her school and lived for ten years with her sister-in-law in the south of England. During all this time, however, she was at work in the front of the movement for promoting the higher education of women. She was mainly instrumental in starting both in Liverpool and Manchester "Lectures for Ladies," out of which sprang the North of England Council, which first put the matter on a sound footing and arranged, with the help of a number of University men, courses of lectures for women in many towns.

In 1869 Cambridge started its "higher local" examinations, at first for women and then for young men also, and in 1871 the Cambridge committee invited Miss Clough to come to that town and manage a little "Hall" for five girl students who wished to attend the lectures. From this little beginning Newnham College has grown. Just how much it owes to her wisdom, kindness and able management will, perhaps, never be known.

Those who knew Miss Clough, says a writer in the *Pall Mall Budget*, will always vividly remember not only her strong individuality of character, but her striking appearance; the keen, dark eyes, contrasting vividly with the hair, which turned white quite early in life; the determined characteristic mouth with its capacity of both sweetness and humor. Every student of Newnham, both past and present, will mourn her death as a personal loss. In each one of her girls the venerable Principal of Newnham took a very real interest, not only when they were directly under her care but when they were away doing their share of the world's work. Until shortly before her death she was present at all important gatherings for educational purposes, though her beautiful face, with its dark, expressive eyes, surrounded by the snowy hair, had

MISS CLOUGH, THE LATE PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE.

grown very weary and delicate looking. "She usually sat" says an English paper, "quietly and unobtrusively, in the background; but no one who approached her went away without having received full and considerate attention, or the cheering, sympathetic word, which, coming from one so wise, so good as the head of Newnham College, was valued so much."

"The funeral of no master of a College," says the *Pall Mall Budget*, "has been more impressive than was that of the Principal of Newnham. It was well that the authorities of King's had generously placed their noble chapel at the disposal of the mourners, for no parish church could possibly have contained a congregation that numbered people from all parts of the kingdom, as well as every individual of any note in Cambridge itself. Most funerals are principally attended by men, but this was an assemblage of grief-stricken women. It was significant of the respect accorded to Miss Clough and to Newnham that nearly all the heads of houses attended. The Provost of King's was there; so was the Vice-Chancellor with Mrs. Peile; the Master of Trinity, looking still very weak after his severe attack of the influenza, must have made a great effort to be present, and Professor Seeley, scarcely recovered from another malady, came likewise with his wife. Members of the Clough family were, of course, the chief mourners—Mrs. Clough, the poet's widow, with her son Mr. Arthur Clough, Miss Thena Clough, Miss Florence Clough, and other relatives. Mrs. Sidgwick, Miss Gladstone, Miss Stephen, the Misses Kennedy, and all the women lecturers followed in the procession. The coffin was crowned with splendid wreaths. One of the finest was woven of daffodils (for these are the Newnham flowers) and were sent by thirty old students in Birmingham. A white garland of enormous dimensions was the gift of the little group who found shelter at Merton Hall in the early days before the women's college was thought of."

THE ENTRANCE OF THY WORD GIVETH LIGHT.

A missionary in Japan tells of a young man, living in Yokohama, who had heard of Christianity but had never given it any special attention. Learning that his father had been defeated in a lawsuit, and believing that injustice had been done, he became greatly enraged and determined to take revenge by assassinating the governor, whom he believed to be responsible for the result. While arranging to go home that he might carry out this evil intention he called to say good-bye to a Christian friend, who, not knowing the object of his journey, bade him God-speed and gave him a Bible. He started on the journey, reading the Bible on the way. He happened to turn to the first verse of the seventh chapter of Matthew, and when he read it his conscience was so touched that he gave up his purpose and returned to Yokohama. He continued to read and became a true convert, and then, not satisfied with a mere profession, he gave himself to the study of God's word and is now a faithful worker for the Master in the city of Tokio.—*Bible Society Record.*

A MISSIONARY'S BOYS.

Dr. J. K. Green, who has been laboring for thirty years in Turkey, under the American Board, told this touching incident about one home-coming of himself and wife: "We came to see our two oldest boys, whom we had not seen for eight years. One was fourteen, the other sixteen, when they came to America. They had grown from mere boys to the stature of men in that time. Before we sailed their mother sent them a piece of her travelling dress, and wrote 'We sail on such a steamer. When you board the steamer at New York and see a lady with a dress on like this sample, you may know it is your mother.' When the ship came to port the boys rushed on board. One of them clapped the patch upon his mother's shoulder and said, 'See! The patch is like the dress! The patch is like the dress! This must be our mother!' Yet I think the boys might have recognized their mother without the patch better than she could possibly have known them. We have five boys, and next spring when we sail for Constantinople we shall leave them all in this country."

WHEN WILL IT BE.

Of that day and hour knoweth no man! No, not the Angels of Heaven, but my Father only, Matt. 24: 36.

When will it be!
Just at the nightfall, when all work is done,
And rest comes, following the vanished sun,
Bringing its peace to those who weary grew,
With labor lasting all the long day through;
Will it be Then?

Or will it be at midnight's solemn hour,
When earth seems sleeping as a folded flower?
Then will there come a knocking at the door,
And the soul start at sounds unheard before,
And listen for a voice in terror dumb,
The dreaded voice of Death that says, "I come,
Art thou ready for the journey thou must take
Before the cock crows and thy friends awake?"

Or will it be at morning, when the sun
Rises on golden wings to tasks anew begun?
Will it be standing at the plough when he
Whose face we dread so much shall come to me
And say, "Give o'er thy labor; say good-bye
To these, thy comrades?" Will I shrink and cry,
"Oh, spare me yet a little while, I pray.
I am not ready. Wait till close of day?"
Ah, soul! not ready! Will the plea avail
Uttered by lips that terror has made pale?
No! He will say "Thou knewest soon or late,
My feet would tarry at thy soul's closed gate,
Wast thou not bidden to be ready? Lo!
I come and find thee unprepared to go.
Thou askest time. Was not time not given thee?
Too late regret, and all in vain thy plea!"

Rise, soul, and set thy house in order, lest
At any moment Death shall be thy guest.
Be ready for the journey thou must go
At morn or midnight. If he finds thee so,
Brave with a faith in things thou canst not see,
What does it matter when he comes to thee?

—*Advance.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S PREPARATION.

An excellent paper on this subject appears on the local cover of the Uddingston *Free Church Record* written by the Rev. W. M. Clow, B. D. Mr. Clow says:—

"Always begin early in the week. Anything cooked in a hurry is never well cooked, except perhaps pancakes—but there is not very much staying substance in a pancake. Let the lesson simmer in the mind, for the mind has a wondrous power of unconscious work. Sometimes we take up our lesson, look it over, and make almost nothing of it. Let us shut our book and go about our ordinary work. The lesson may not again recur to our mind; yet when we next tackle it, we see more in it—the mind has been working unconsciously. Besides, when we begin early, the whole week's incidents are still in the future, and they will often throw light upon it. I have sometimes been in despair for a text for the children's sermon: There did not seem to be a single word in the portion which fell to be read, suitable for them. But keeping the passage in my mind, I have again and again found some incident, some slight remark, lay hold of a clause and make it live. Look at next Sabbath's lesson before you go to rest on Sabbath evening. Read it over once or twice during the early days of the week. Give it half-an-hour on Wednesday. Question it resolutely on Friday. Give it your spare time on Saturday. By Sabbath, you will find it to be as kindly, as full of meaning, as eloquent of truth as the face of an old friend.

"Let me say one word about the technical fashion of preparing. There is one thing which all who have tried have found beneficial, *i. e.*, writing. This may seem pedantic. But if you ask any successful teacher, whether of men or of children (unless an exceptional genius here and there), you will find that they all write, and that not with pencil but with ink. The writing with ink seems to have the same effect upon the memory as upon the paper, and, besides, one is chary of putting down trivialities in ink. Do not write essays, or, worse still, sermons on the lesson, but put down key words, and write the truth to be taught in full, and add to it a few words to lead you to its illustration and enforcement. You would be surprised how much you would be helped by sitting down and writing out notes on the lesson. You would be humbled at your own want of knowledge—you might be strongly tempted to resign. But you attack your work with new energy, and if you had grace to persevere, you would find your hour of teaching the most delightful of the whole week. By-and-by it would become easy, for you would learn how to write. Compression would become a method, and teaching so fascinating to yourself that the secretary's bell would be as the awakening from a pleasant dream. You would not need to hunt for stories, although you would not despise one if it came in your way. You will find your children fully as much interested in the lesson as in a story. Children soon see through a mere story-teller. They can discern the honest teacher when they get a chance, and hold him in high respect. But, remember, never take the notes to the class. You may have some mortifying failures at first. Splendid notes at home, worth engrossing in vellum, and garbled, bungling stupidities at school. But go on. *Those who succeed* best in the end are those who *fail at first*, but who still go on."—*Presbyterian Messenger.*

THAT'S ONE IMPROVEMENT.

"I've noticed one thing," confessed a maiden aunt, who had been cool to the plan of forming a Christian Endeavor Society in her church; "and I'm willing to speak it out; you young folks" (looking around the Sunday noon dinner-table) "don't come home carping and picking at Mr. Bassett's sermons as you used to before you started your Endeavor Society. You seem to think you've got something to do yourselves, and that's one improvement."—*Golden Rule.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—MAY 22, 1892.

DANIEL AND HIS COMPANIONS.

Daniel 1: 8-21.

(Quarterly Temperance Lesson.)

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."—Dan. 1: 8.

HOME READINGS.

M. Dan. 1: 1-21.—Daniel and His Companions.
T. 1 Cor. 8: 1-13.—Meat Offered to Idols.
W. 1 Cor. 10: 16-33.—"Do all to the Glory of God."
Th. Rom. 14: 7-23.—"None of us Liveth to Himself."
F. James 1: 1-17.—Wisdom Asked.
S. 1 Kings 3: 5-15.—Wisdom Given.
S. Gen. 39: 1-6.—Favor from the Lord.

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Pledge of Temperance. vs. 8-10.
II. A Test of Temperance. vs. 11-16.
III. A Blessing in Temperance. vs. 17-21.

TIME.—B.C. 606-603. Daniel's life extended from about B.C. 620 till after B.C. 536.

PLACE.—Babylon, whither Daniel was carried captive in the fourth year of Jehoiakim, B.C. 606.

OPENING WORDS.

Daniel was carried captive to Babylon in the fourth year of Jehoiakim, B.C. 606, or about eighteen years before the fall of Judah and the captivity of Zedekiah. He was chosen with other youths to be trained for special service, and received the name Belteshazzar.

HELPS IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

8. *Defile himself*—portions of the king's food and wine were at each meal offered to idols. This rendered the rest an abomination to the Jews. Acts 15: 20, 29; 21: 25; 1 Cor. 10: 18-21. 10. *Worse liking*—less healthy. *Endanger my head*—risk my life. 11. *Melzar*—Revised Version, "the steward." 12. *Prove*—test. *Pulse*—vegetables. This kind of food was not offered to idols. 16. *Took away the portion*—doubtless the steward understood that this would be approved by the king. 17. *Children*—youths from fifteen to twenty. *Gave them knowledge*—helped them to acquire knowledge. Their strict temperance tended to health of body and vigor of mind, and enabled them with God's blessing to make more successful advance than their self-indulgent competitors. 18. *At the end of the days*—the three years of preparation (v. 6). 19. *Communed with them*—examined them. *Stood before the king*—were assigned places in the king's service. They received honorable admission into the ranks of the Magi, or wise men of Babylon. 21. *The first year of king Cyrus*—B.C. 536.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When was Daniel taken to Babylon? For what service were he and his companions chosen? What provision was made for their support? How long were they in training? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A PLEDGE OF TEMPERANCE. vs. 8-10.—What purpose did Daniel form? What made the king's meat and drink a defilement? What request did Daniel make? In what esteem was Daniel held? Why did the prince deny his request?

II. A TEST OF TEMPERANCE. vs. 11-16.—What test did Daniel propose to the steward? How did the steward treat the proposal? What was the result? What did the steward then do?

III. A BLESSING IN TEMPERANCE. vs. 17-21.—What did God give these four youths? What special gift to Daniel? What was done at the end of three years? What did their examination show? What honors did they gain? How long did Daniel continue in honor? What effect has temperance on bodily strength? On mental vigor? Why should we make an open pledge of temperance?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should not defile ourselves by any kind of intemperance.
2. A pledge of temperance may be a great help to us.
3. The advantage of temperance has been fully tested.
4. Temperance promotes health of body and vigor of mind.
5. In the performance of duty we may expect God's favor.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What purpose did Daniel form? Ans. Not to defile himself with the king's meat and wine.
2. What did he propose to the steward? Ans. To supply him and his three friends with pulse and water for ten days.
3. What was their appearance at the end of that time? Ans. They were fairer and in better condition than those who had eaten the king's meat.
4. What did the steward then do? Ans. He took away the king's meat and wine, and gave them pulse.
5. What did God give them? Ans. Knowledge and skill in all learning.

LESSON IX.—May 29, 1892.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.

Daniel 2: 36-49.

COMMIT TO MEMORY v. 44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do."—Heb. 4: 13.

HOME READINGS.

M. Daniel 2: 1-12.—The Dream Unknown.
T. Daniel 2: 13-23.—The Dream Revealed.
W. Daniel 2: 24-35.—The Dream Declared.
Th. Daniel 2: 36-49.—The Dream Interpreted.
F. Isaiah 35: 1-10.—The Joyful Kingdom.
S. Isaiah 65: 17-25.—New Heaven and a new Earth
S. Matt. 13: 31-50.—The Kingdom of Heaven.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Kingdoms of Earth. vs. 36-43.
II. The Kingdom of Heaven. vs. 44, 45.
III. The Lord of Kings. vs. 46-49.

TIME.—B.C. 603; Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon; Jehoiakim king of Judah. Prophets; Daniel, Jeremiah, Ezekiel.

PLACE.—Babylon.

OPENING WORDS.

Nebuchadnezzar had a dream which made a deep impression on his mind, though he had forgotten its details. When his wise men could not tell him the dream and its interpretation, he condemned them to death. The Lord revealed the secret to Daniel, and he gave the dream and its interpretation to the king.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

37. *King of kings*—a great monarch, with other kings as subjects. 38. *Thou art this head of gold*—as the king of Babylon. Compare Isa. 14: 4. This kingdom was overthrown when Cyrus took Babylon, B.C. 538. 39. *Another kingdom*—the Medo-Persian, which lasted from B.C. 538 until its overthrow by Alexander the Great, B.C. 333. *Third kingdom of brass*—the Macedonian or Grecian, under Alexander and his generals, which reached from B.C. 333 to B.C. 66. 40. *The fourth kingdom*—the Roman empire, according to some interpreters; the kingdom of Alexander's successors, according to others. 41-43. *Clay....iron*—these were intermingled; elements that could never blend. This denoted the different races of people whose various laws and customs weakened, rather than strengthened, the government. 44. *In the days of these kings*—some time before the end of these kingdoms. *Set up a kingdom*—the kingdom of Christ. Psalm 2: 9; Isa. 60: 12. 1 Cor. 15: 24, 25. *Shall not be left to other people*—shall never change hands. 45. *Thou sawest that the stone, etc.*—from small beginnings Christ's kingdom shall fill the whole earth.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Give an account of Nebuchadnezzar's dream? Who made it known and interpreted it? What did Nebuchadnezzar see in his dream? Of what was the image composed? What became of it?

I. THE KINGDOMS OF EARTH. vs. 36-43.—What did Daniel call Nebuchadnezzar? What did he say the God of heaven had given the king? What part of the great image did he represent? Of what empire was Nebuchadnezzar ruler? What were destined to follow his kingdom? v. 39. What nations were here represented? What was the character of the fourth kingdom? To what nation does this refer?

II. THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. vs. 44, 45.—By whom did Daniel say a fifth kingdom should be set up? How would this kingdom be different from the others? How was it represented in Nebuchadnezzar's dream? To what kingdom does this refer? How doth Christ execute the office of a king?

III. THE LORD OF KINGS. vs. 46-49.—What did Nebuchadnezzar do when Daniel had interpreted his dream? What confession did he make? How did he honor Daniel? Who were promoted in office at Daniel's request?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The kingdoms of earth shall pass away.
2. The kingdom of heaven shall endure forever.
3. It shall overcome all opposition, and rule over all.
4. For its progress and triumph we are to labor and give and pray.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What gave Nebuchadnezzar great trouble? Ans. A dream, the particulars of which he could not remember.
2. Who told and interpreted the dream of Nebuchadnezzar? Ans. Daniel.
3. What was Daniel's interpretation? Ans. The dream foretold five great kingdoms which would rule the world.
4. What further was foretold? Ans. Four kingdoms of earth would, one after the other, rise to great power, and then be overthrown.
5. What was predicted about the fifth kingdom? Ans. In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOUSECLEANING.

To begin with, I am one of the housekeepers who do not believe in the theory that only one room should be cleaned at a time. I like to get the carpets all out at once and have them beaten while the rest of the cleaning is going on; then, when they are ready to tack down, the setting to rights will progress enough faster to pay for the extra muss. If, as sometimes happens, you are obliged to take up a carpet without moving the stove and are working alone, do not get down on your knees and lift till you see stars and every bone in your back creaks. Do not try to lift the corner of a stove with one hand and pull the carpet out with the other; but get a big stick of cord wood for a lever, use a strong board over it and under the stove, and you will scarcely feel the weight at all, and a little child can draw the carpet out if you tell him just how.

As soon as your carpets are up, sprinkle plenty of damp sawdust on the floor, and when you have swept you will find that the floor will not need scrubbing till the rest of the room is cleaned. Put boraxine into the water in which you scrub. Use a little aqua ammonia in the water in which you clean the paint. Use turpentine to take out paint spots, and hot vinegar to remove lime. Put salt in the whitewash to make it stick, and add a few drops of liquid blueing to make it look whiter when on the wall. If there are ink stains on the tablecloths or draperies, pour hot tallow through them. Clean old furniture and picture frames with kerosene. To clean your willow furniture, use salt and water, applying it with a coarse brush, wipe the furniture and set it in the hot sun to dry. Wash the mica in your stove doors with vinegar and water to remove the smoke from the inside. Mix your whitewash with copperas water before applying it to the top and sides of the cellar, and sprinkle copperas water on the cellar floor where vegetables have lain. Use a horsewhip when beating your carpets and always beat them on the wrong side first.—*Carrie Hea, in Housekeeper.*

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

A simple cement for broken china and earthenware is made of powdered quicklime sifted through a coarse muslin bag over the white of an egg.——If soot happens to be dropped on the carpet throw down an equal quantity of salt and sweep all up together. It is said that the soot will hardly leave a trace.——In washing greasy skillets, the addition of a little soda to the first water will neutralize the grease and make it much easier to clean. These are best cleaned when hot.——To set delicate colors in embroidered handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes before washing in a pail of water in which a dessertspoonful of turpentine has been stirred.——One method of softening hard water is to put four quarts of ashes into a bag and boil in water for an hour and then pour the lye into a barrel to be used in washing. The water will soon become clear.——A very delicate perfume may be made by taking an ounce of the best Florentine orris and putting it in a bottle with two ounces of alcohol. Cork it tight and shake it well. After four or five days a few drops of this on a handkerchief will give just the faint violet odor that is so desirable.——The quantity of water in making soup should be proportioned to the quantity of meat used. Allow a quart of water to a pound of meat. In making soup from fresh meat always put it on to cook in cold water. To keep the quantity, fill up from the teakettle, which should be boiling, so as not to stop your soup boiling.—*The Christian Weekly.*

COMPANY TABLE MANNERS.

There seems to be an idea among many people that there must be a different set of manners for company from what is observed in every day life, writes Maria Parloa in her domestic department in the February *Ladies' Home Journal.* While it is the proper thing to have for an invited company a more elaborate dinner, and a little more ceremony in the service than for the family table, it must be remembered that one should not put on and take off good manners as one would a garment. They are a part of one's self, and whether the family meal consist of many courses or only a cup of tea and a slice of toast, it should always be served decently and in order, and the manners of the members of the household should be such that one need not blush for them, even in the finest company. As soon as a child is old enough to come to the table he should be taught by precept and example what good table manners are. If the father and mother be so unfortunate as not to have had proper training themselves, they should study to correct any bad habits they may have, for the sake of their children. Let it be understood that good manners are not the acquiring of every new wrinkle that fashionable society may prescribe. There is a great difference between good manners and good form. What is good form to-day may be very bad form to-morrow, but good manners are not changeable. Unselfishness, kindly feelings and politeness are the foundations of good manners.

Good table manners demand that one shall take soup from the side of a spoon; shall eat with a fork, rather than a knife; shall take small mouthfuls of food and masticate quietly, making no unpleasant sound; shall take in the fingers no food except fruit, confectionery, olives, bread, cake, celery, etc., and that the members of the family shall be as polite to each other as to any guest. Where people rush through their meals there is not much chance for table manners or good digestion. If properly managed, the table can be made one of the most refining influences of the home.

SWEEPING DAY.

It is better to remove all pieces of furniture which are easily moved, and these should be dusted and set in an adjoining room.

Large pieces of furniture should be carefully and closely covered with dusting sheets.

Bric-a-brac and fancy articles should be dusted and removed.

Rugs should be swept, and placed over the clothes-line out-doors for the air to freshen them.

Portieres should be unhooked from the rings, brushed and shaken out-doors.

Muslin or lace draperies at the windows should be lifted and removed with the pole from the supporting brackets, and the dust brushed or shaken from them.

The windows should be opened and the blinds dusted. If the windows need washing this should not be done until after the sweeping, when the paint is wiped.

A brussels or nap carpet should be swept with short, light, even strokes, with the grain for the first stroke, then across it for the next, and so on over the carpet, brushing around the edges and in the corners with a whisk-broom.

Then dampen your broom and go over the carpet again lightly, which will remove all the dust, after which it may be wiped up with a damp cloth, which has been wrung out as dry as possible from water to which a few drops of ammonia has been added.

Before replacing the furniture wipe off all the finger marks and spots from the woodwork, polish the mirrors, and if there is a fireplace the hearth should be washed up—the iron-work rubbed off with a rag dampened slightly with kerosene, and the brasses polished—after which the dusting sheets may be removed and the furniture replaced.—*Household.*

RAINY DAY AMUSEMENTS.

When out-door sport is stopped by storm or thaw, a large bag of spools, with blocks and ninepins, will serve to amuse children within doors. Very fine palatial residences will they make with the spools and blocks combined, and they are very anxious to excel one another in this "building game."

Sitting beside them while they form the houses or yards, one has only to suggest names for their architecture to make them quite content. Such names as "Parliament House," "Post Office," etc., applied to their handiwork, with an explanation of the titles, soon give them quite a little knowledge of the outside world. In this way much useful information may be imparted to them.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

"'Keep a child in bed for fully a week after every symptom of illness has disappeared,' is my rule in all serious diseases," said an eminent physician. "If you will do this you will greatly reduce the chances of a relapse. When the temperature becomes normal and the appetite returns the patient naturally becomes eager to get up, and it is very natural to suppose that the change from bed to lounge, or even to the next room, would be beneficial; but it is really most dangerous. This is generally the time when a busy doctor feels that he ought to be able to turn over his charge to those who are nursing him; and yet in many and many a case a relapse has occurred and the last state is worse than the first. Therefore, as I say, keep the patient in bed a week longer—it does no harm, and an ounce of prevention is worth many a pound of cure.

"In cases of grip, where there is no complication, I tell my patients again to 'stay in bed for several days after the attack is over—and you will avoid the more serious results'; and in cases of scarlet fever or measles I deem this precaution absolutely essential."—*Tribune.*

MENDING AND MAKING OVER.

In spite of patent patches, which are supposed to do away with the necessity of the needle, there is plenty of darning to be done, especially in a large family. Some people take a positive pleasure in mending the holes of stockings and in putting patches underneath holes. They even have no objection to putting braid on the bottom of skirts. Such a taste for mending is soon discovered by other members of the family, and the mender has occupation enough. The apparatus of mending is quite interesting. There are the glove menders, tied with bright ribbons to scissors and thimble. Many little bags contain materials needed in mending, such as linens, flannels, dress remnants, braids, buttons and trimmings. One methodical housekeeper has a case of small drawers, each filled with materials for mending. It is quite necessary that all the tools should be kept in order, that silks should not be tangled, and that buttons should be of all sizes and kinds in common use. The first lesson in the sewing classes is usually that of darning, and very carefully and neatly most of the work is done.—*Boston Journal.*

PNEUMONIA INFECTIOUS.

Don't forget that pneumonia is infectious. It is not markedly so, and where cleanliness and good ventilation are maintained in the sick-room, those in attendance upon pneumonia patients are in but little danger of "taking" the disease, unless the system is deranged and weakened by alcohol, by over-work, by worry, loss of sleep, bad air, or other pernicious habits. When people live more wisely, pneumonia will measurably decrease. Ignorance helps to keep up the death rate of pneumonia as of all other diseases.—*Journal.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

Ham Omelet.—Put omelet in spider and add half a cupful of chopped boiled ham free from fat, after it has been in spider two or three minutes. When brown on bottom fold over halfway.

Coffee Cakes.—One cupful of molasses, one cupful coffee, one cupful butter, one egg, one spoonful soda and one cupful seeded raisins. Nutmeg or cinnamon to flavor. Flour to roll about one-half inch thick. Cut in round cakes, sprinkle thickly with sugar and bake slowly.

Beef Steak Balls.—A good breakfast dish is beef-steak balls. Take one pound of raw beef, finely chopped, two slices of bread also chopped, one egg, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and one finely chopped onion, with pepper and salt to taste. Make into small balls with flour, and fry brown in hot drippings.

Bread Griddle Cakes.—Soak dry pieces of wheat bread in milk or water over night, mash soft in the morning, beat up two eggs and add a little salt, a pint of sour milk; thicken with flour to make a batter; dissolve a small teaspoonful of soda and stir through the mixture; bake on a griddle, serve while hot. If eggs are scarce, one will do.

Chicken Cutlet.—Take nice pieces of boiled chicken, have some butter softened but not melted, spread on each piece of the chicken, beat two or three eggs and dip the chicken in the egg batter, then into cracker crumbs (or dried bread rolled fine will do). Have some butter hot in the spider, enough to cover the bottom, and put the chicken in and fry brown, then turn. Serve on slices of toast.

Corn Muffins.—One teacupful of white cornmeal, two cupfuls of flour, one-third cupful of sugar, two tablespoonsful of butter, half a pint of sweet milk, two eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Mix the meal, flour and baking powder together and sift. Beat the eggs well and add the milk to them, and pour over the dry ingredients; stir in sugar, melt the butter and stir in, add half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat all together and bake in a hot oven from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Stewed Beef.—A piece of the round of beef, five or six inches thick, with only a small narrow bone in it, and weighing seven or eight pounds, may be cooked as follows: Put into a kettle, it will just cover the bottom; over it sprinkle one chopped white onion, one small carrot chopped, three stalks of celery, one level spoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, six ripe tomatoes, or their amount in canned, two bay leaves, and half a dozen cloves. Allow this, closely covered, to simmer one hour, then add one cup of boiling water, and continue to cook very slowly till done—till tender, nearly four hours. When ready to serve, remove to a platter, thicken the broth for gravy and pour over. It will be a rich, brown red, and the dish a delicious one, though made of a not expensive piece of meat. A sauce that especially relishes with beef cooked in this way is made of two large spoonfuls of horseradish grated into a bowl, with two spoonsful of cream added, a saltspoonful each of salt and mustard added, and all beaten up well together. This is also an agreeable accompaniment to roast beef.

Potatoes.—The best and most economical way of boiling potatoes is Irish style "with the jackets on." Wash thoroughly and peel a ring half an inch wide lengthwise around each potato. Cover with boiling water and boil rapidly for twenty or twenty-five minutes, according to the size. Pour off the water, lay a cloth over the potatoes and replace the cover, setting the kettle on the hearth or reservoir. In five minutes they are ready to serve and may be peeled very rapidly and served plain or mashed. In mashing potatoes, if you have no wire masher, use the wooden one, and beat the cream in with a fork. You will be astonished at their lightness and delicacy. If your potatoes are ready to mash before you are ready for dinner, mash them anyway, as it spoils a potato to stand. Prepare ready for serving and pile on a plate, then set them in the oven. If they stand long enough to brown, they will be the better. Three or four eggs boiled very hard and chopped fine are an excellent addition to mashed potatoes. Warmed-over potatoes are often better than when first prepared, if the warming is well done. To warm plain boiled potatoes, slice them thin and put them into a hot spider in hot lard. Just enough lard should be used to keep them from sticking, about a heaping tablespoonful to the quart of potatoes. Add salt and pepper; then with a dull knife chop and stir them until they are browned through. Don't leave any large pieces; if liked, add a few spoonfuls of milk a few minutes before serving. Or you can chop the potatoes fine and for each quart put a pint of sweet milk and a tablespoonful of butter in a spider. Add the potatoes and one slice of bread crumbled very fine. Cook until thick and season to taste. To a quart of mashed cold potatoes add one unbeaten egg, mixing well. Make this into balls like sausage and fry very brown on both sides in plenty of lard. Mashed potato is also very nice to put into pancake batter. Serve potatoes very hot as they cool rapidly and the fine flavor is lost. I am sure these recipes will give variety to any table, even if you have but little besides pork and potatoes, and I beg that you will try them; as each one is well tried.

PUZZLES NO. 9.

SQUARE.

To discover. A thought. Close at hand. To mend.

CHARADE.

My first is caused by set of sun,
When day is over—labor done,
My second, a tiny little word,
For country tavern oft is heard.
My whole, down fluttering from the nest,
Sings while the drowsy world doth rest.

HIDDEN TREES.

1. At first they refused. 2. Tom, hand that to mamma, please. 3. I have found your pin, Esther. 4. Ahem! Lock the door. 5. John caught an eel, Mary. 6. Will owls fly in the day-time? 7. Crash! down came the tree.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. What the wise man says goes before destruction.
2. A bird which was counted unclean under the Jewish law.
3. The material of which Solomon's throne was made.
4. What Jesus calls "The light of the body."
5. What the Word of God is likened to, in a parable.
6. That which the Saviour says the knowledge of shall make free.

The initials of each word in order place,
And a great office of Christ you trace.

SQUARE.

1. A receptacle. 2. A notion. 3. A prophet. 4. A musical instrument.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 8.

Word-Square.—P R A T E
R A D I X
A D A G E
T I G E R
E X E R T

Metagrams.—Dame; Tame; Fame; Same; Game; Name.

Pied Rivers.—1. Nile. 2. St. Lawrence. 3. Mississippi. 4. Missouri. 5. Ohio. 6. Yangtse-Kiang. 7. Hoang-Ho. 8. Danube. 9. Amazon. 10. Volga.

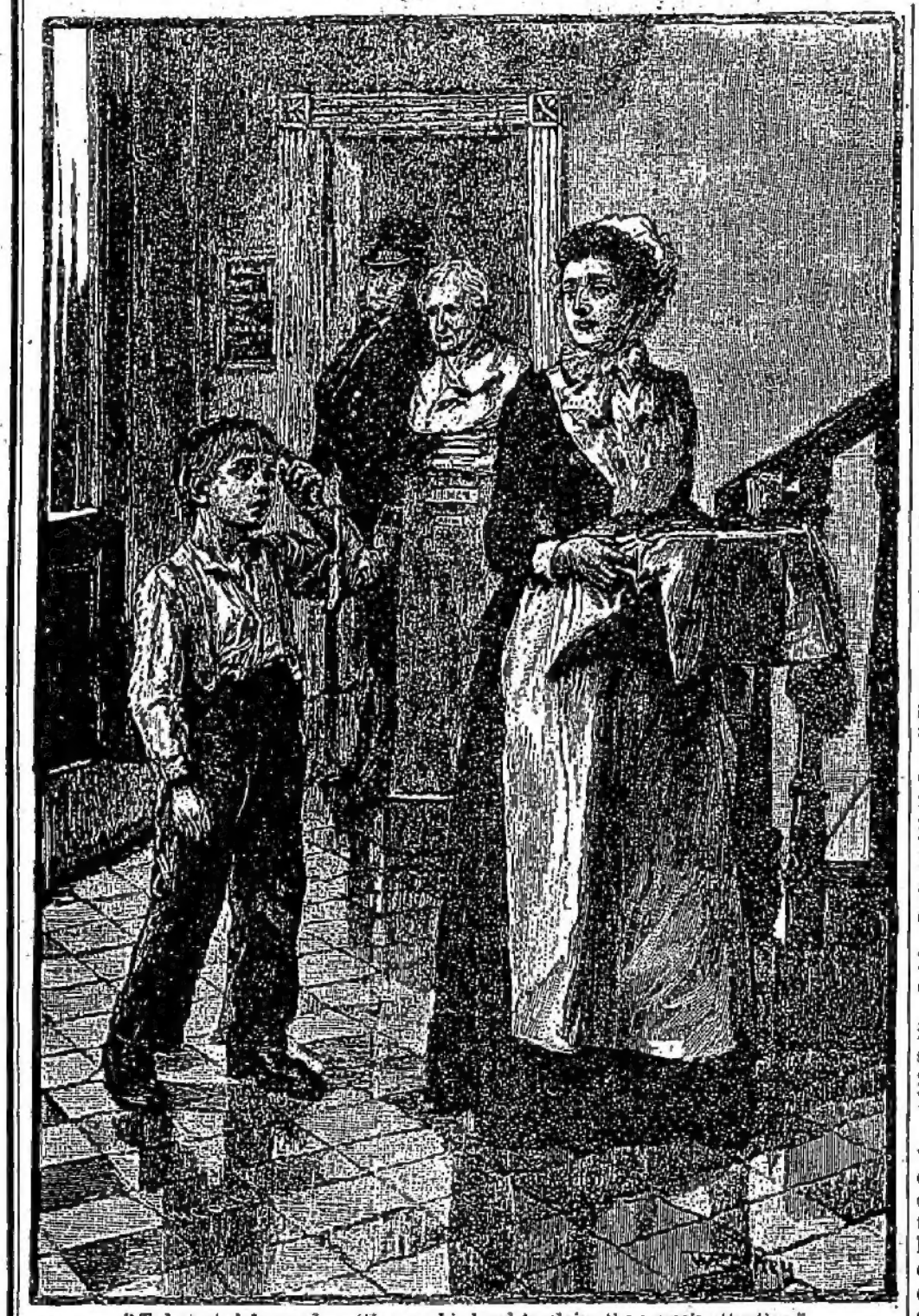
Hour-Glass.—G A S E O U S
S A N D S
A G E
L
S A G
H O N E Y
B O N D A G E

Beheadings.—1. D-rip. 2. D-ray. 3. R-at. 4. A-gave. 5. C-up.

Drop Vowel Bible Verse.—"Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."—Luke 12:32.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Allan Craigie, Thomas Collins, Edith Howles, Sarah Lawrence, May A. Walker and two other, the names of whom have been lost.



"Ted started forward, putting up his hand to claim the nurse's attention."

"FER JIM."

BY JULIANA CONOVER.

Mr. Farnum frowned as he stepped out of his carriage in front of a well-known up-town restaurant, for he caught sight of a small ragged boy balancing on one bare foot, his face close to the heavy plate glass window. "Can't they even keep this place free from beggars?" he muttered, irritably.

"What are you doing, boy? You mustn't hang about here."

"Please, sir," answered the little fellow, raising a freckled face to his, "please, sir, I was just smellin' a bit fer Jim."

Mr. Farnum started, but before he could reply the boy was off.

"A singular coincidence," he said to himself, "it must be the same little ragamuffin, only when he ran into me in the Metropolitan Museum, he was, seein' fer Jim.

A week later he stood in the crowded aisle of a large church waiting to be shown a seat.

The clear, sweet notes of the boys as they sang the opening chorus of a great oratorio, rang out above the buzz of voices round the door.

"This way, sir," whispered the sexton, touching his arm, "I think I can find a place for you."

As they walked over to the side aisle the sexton's sharp eyes spied a small figure crouched by the door, half hidden in the folds of the curtain.

He sprang forward: "Didn't I tell you you couldn't come in, you dirty little beggar?" he cried, seizing the boy and pushing him towards the door.

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Farnum.

"He hasn't any card," answered the sexton, "and it's the second time I've had to turn him out."

"It's a church," said the boy, wriggling away from the hand on his collar. "And oh!" looking wistfully up at Mr. Farnum, "I do want to hear it fer Jim, awful."

Yes, his eyes had not deceived him, it was his disreputable friend of the museum and the restaurant.

"Let him stay," he said, turning to the impatient sexton, "he will do no harm, and I want to see him after the thing is over."

"I suppose if you say so it's all right," replied the sexton, gruffly, "but he's got to sit quiet and not get in anybody's way."

Mr. Farnum looked at Ted, who shuffled somewhat uneasily under his gaze. "Wait for me here by this door after the people have gone," he said, "I want to speak to you."

Many times the sweet solo died away, and the chorus swelled into a triumphant burst, before the oratorio, so beautifully rendered, was finished; and Mr. Farnum was afraid that his small friend would have gone home for very weariness. But he found him still standing in the corner, with dilated eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Did you like it?" he asked, smiling.

"My! wasn't it splendid!" ejaculated Ted. "Didn't the little kids sing good? I told Jim I'd better sneak in a church where the swells go."

"Who is Jim?" asked Mr. Farnum.

"He's my brother, his back's broke," simply, "he has to lie still all day and it kinder cheers him ef I *hev* somethin' to tell him when I come home, so whenever I git a good chance I pop in somewheres. I'm doin' the city regurler, a new street 'most every week; I'm up-town now, doin' the fashionables; but shucks! there ain't half as much to see as there was in the 'Bowery.'"

"What does your mother and father do?" asked Mr. Farnum.

"Ain't got any. Pop was killed by some bricks fallin' on him, and mom died last year. She told me to take care of Jim best I could, cause there wouldn't be nobody else to. I run errands for Mr. Cobb, he's awful good to me, sends Jim sausages and newspapers and lets me off every Saturday afternoon."

"Who stays with Jim while you're away?"

"Nobody, he's used ter bein' alone."

Mr. Farnum took out his pocket-book and put a bill into the boy's hand.

"Get something nice for Jim with this," he said, and before the astonished boy could stammer out his thanks, he was gone.

What a grand time they had in the small back room on the top floor of the tenement house, when Ted came home, his arms full of queer-shaped bundles.

He had grown impatient as the evening wore on and Ted did not come back. The pain had been very bad all day, but he forgot it all when Ted told of his wonderful experiences, how he had heard "little kids" sing like angels, and a "swell bad guy," him a "fiver," four dollars of which he had brought safely back.

The next morning Ted went to his work with a light heart, and Jim spent a happy day, feeling under his hard pillow every few minutes for the precious hoard that was slowly accumulating for a rolling chair—like the one Mrs. Grubbins, the lady on the next floor, had told him about.

Nine o'clock struck, and soon he heard the well-known step on the stairs. His eyes brightened as the door opened, but grew puzzled and wistful when Ted came slowly in and walked to the other end of the room without even speaking. Jim clutched the old coverlid tightly with his nervous fingers. He knew that something must have gone very wrong; only once before had Ted come home in that way,—the day after his mother's funeral, when the landlord had threatened to turn them out.

"What's up, Teddy?" he asked, in a husky voice, and the forlorn figure in the corner burst out, passionately.

"I didn't do it, you know I wouldn't do it, Jim, don't you? I ain't never done it since I was a kid and hooked an orange fer you when yer back got broke. You believe me, don't you, Jim?"

Soon the whole story was told in broken words. Ted had gone up-town on an errand, and met Mr. Farnum coming out of his club, who had stopped and accused the boy of stealing a ten-dollar bill, which he had missed on returning home from the church. In vain Ted had asserted his innocence. Mr. Farnum, thoroughly angry, called him a good-for-nothing beggar, with the old story of a bogus sick brother, and said that he had a great mind to have him arrested for a liar and a thief.

"Do you think he'll do it?" whispered Ted.

"You can't never tell," answered Jim, "he *might* as like as not."

Hour after hour the boys discussed the problem in frightened whispers, starting at each sound from below, expecting to hear any moment the heavy tread of the "cop" upon the stairs.

Then the greasy old pocket-book was pulled out from under Jim's head and the precious contents counted and recounted. Jim looked a little paler and the black rings under his eyes were deeper when they put it back, and Ted crept to bed and lay shaking by his side far into the night.

Mr. Farnum was ill with a bad attack of gout, and the great house was silent as the grave.

All the morning a little figure had dodged about the front door. It was very cold, and the wind whistled through his torn shirt.

Five times he had rung the bell and begged piteously to see someone "belongin' to the fam'ly," and each time he had been sent harshly away.

Still he persevered; clasping a little package closely in his half-frozen hand. Finally the coachman, who had driven up, heard his story, and offered good-naturedly to help him.

"I guess Thomas thought you'd come to beg," he said. "And he knows the master's death on beggars. I'll get in the house and open the door for you and then you cut in and wait in the passage till the nurse comes, she'll tell the old gent about it."

The scheme worked well, and Ted drew a long breath of wonder to find himself in such a grand place.

The nurse passed through the hall as he stood, overawed and hesitating

Ted started forward, putting up his hand to claim her attention.

"I've brought the five dollars back," he cried, "me and Jim won't take it."

"Why?" she asked stopping.

"'Cause he called me a thief," indignantly.

"Ah, yes, wait here a moment." And she went quickly up-stairs with the tray of dainty food.

It was some time before the nurse returned. "Mr. Farnum wants to see you," she said, smiling.

Mr. Farnum was sitting before the fire in a big arm-chair. He looked old and sick and miserable.

"I must beg your pardon," he commenced, as Ted stood awkwardly before him "for my harsh words the other day. The sexton found the bill that I had lost in the church just afterwards. I am truly sorry for what I said. Did you mind it very much?" looking at him, curiously.

Ted met the glance boldly.

"I knowed I hadn't done it," he answered, "but I minded fer Jim."

The slow moisture gathered in Mr. Farnum's eyes.

"My boy," he said, "you have opened my eyes upon a new world—one in which the laws of God are practised, not sneered at, and in which unselfishness, strange to say, is really the rule of life—do you understand me?"

"No, sir," said Ted, slowly, "I—I—don't know much about God, 'ceptin' He's good, and lives in heaven, an' don't like lyin' and cheatin' and cussin'. I ain't never been teached."

"We will teach each other," said Mr. Farnum. "For I must learn all over again—if I'm not too old"—he added, sadly.

"I'm ten, an' Jim's twelve," replied Ted. "Jim kin read splendid, there ain't nothin' he don't git outer papers, about murders and sich. Guy! it's fine!"

Mr. Farnum smiled.

"Do you ever go to church?" he asked.

"Christmas times I does, and when there's flowers an' grand singin'. Jim likes that kind too."

"Ah, that reminds me," said Mr. Farnum, "I have an errand for you to do, after you have washed your face and changed your clothes"—looking at the holes through which the wind had played at hide and seek, the grimy face and shock of light hair that seemed to have grown right out of the crown of his hat.

"Why, it ain't Sunday!" exclaimed Ted, in surprise.

"No, but I do not like dirt on week days, either; besides, it's part of a secret which I will tell you when you come back. I hope you will like it—" his voice trembling a little—"I am a lonely old man with no one to care for, or who cares for me. I need a 'Jim', too, to work and plan for—but go, now, Mrs. Black is waiting."

It was a long time before Ted came back, he had had so far to go. He was tired and hungry, and thought in dismay of the long walk home from Fiftieth street. He wondered if the secret was worth it. The butler grinned as he opened the door. "Walk in, youngster, won't drive yer off this time. Here he is, Mrs. Black."

"Come right up, Ted," she called from the stairs, and then she led him up another flight, into a large, airy room. Ted jumped. There was something in the bed, he saw it move—what was it? Then he heard a smothered laugh, and a small familiar face peeped out from under the covers.

"It ain't Jim!" he screamed, in round-eyed astonishment.

"I come in a kerridge," cried Jim, "an' two horses prancin'. I've eat grapes an' an orange—I saved some for you, Ted. We're goin' ter live here. The doctor an' that lady's goin' ter look arter my back—an' you're goin' ter take care of the horses just like you allus wanted to."

Ted looked at the nurse in utter bewilderment.

"It ain't true?" he said. "I guess I'm dreamin'."

"Yes, it is," she answered. "It was the secret Mr. Farnum had to tell you; do you think it is a nice one?"

"Won't it be splendid fer Jim!" was the fervent answer, and a light broke over the boy's face at the sudden realization of what it meant.

"But will *you* like it?" she persisted.

"Oh, my eyes, won't I!" throwing up his cap, with a shout of joy. "Hosses! an' things to eat! Why, I'll—I'll wash my face every day in cold water twice fer Mister Farnum, ef he wants me to!"—*Churchman.*

REV. B. FAY MILLS.

Few departments of religious work on the other side of the line have of late attracted more attention than the revival services conducted under the supervision of the Rev. B. Fay Mills. During the recent meetings held in Cincinnati, thousands of business places were closed each week day that the proprietors and employees might attend the meetings. The Music Hall was packed with an audience of six thousand people. Nine thousand pledge cards were signed, and of these persons it is believed that at least eight thousand will unite with the several churches of the city. The influence has been specially marked among the children of the Sunday-schools.

The following description of Mr. Mills' characteristics and his methods of work is given by the Rev. Nehemiah Boynton of Boston, in a late number of the *Golden Rule*.

"A gentleman is one who has something to give, not something to sell." Mr. Mills is a gentleman. The sermon which almost always introduces his special services, from the text "But first gave their own selves to the Lord," while ostensibly an earnest appeal to Christian *abandon* is really the beautiful flower which has sprung from the unseen root of his own personal experience. His marked individuality, his strong personality, make distinct exhibit of the type of gentleman above suggested. Behind the man, his utterances, his methods, his anticipations, there resides a sacrificial spirit which with surety and strength touches and tempers his whole life. Preeminently, he is "one who has something to give, not something to sell."

Mr. Mills is thirty-four years old, and therefore belongs to the present and to the coming generation. He has been permitted to reach and save more people, probably, than any man of his age in our land, if not in the world. In most signal and surprising ways God has put his mark upon him, yet he knows it not; it would cripple him if he did. No longer would he be a gentleman; he would become a braggart. For the essence of greatness is unconsciousness. Once let a man become conscious, and his bow loses its spring; his soul shrivels; he begins "to sell;" he can no longer "give."

It is in the broad, rich manhood in the gentleman that the secret of Mr. Mills' power resides. He is a man; his thirst is quenched at the springs of God; his hunger is appeased by eating the word; his soul finds fellowship in communion with God and refreshment in the possession of the Holy Spirit. His creed is simple, it is sublime, it is sacrificial; he believes that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." He is a gentleman.

This great giving principle which possesses Mr. Mills, which is at once the essence and dynamite of the gospel, lends itself with unusual power to those natural qualifications which he brings to his work. Of these there are three which are conspicuous; namely, direction, discrimination, and devotion.

Mr. Mills believes in the great law of cause and effect in the spiritual realm. Here, as elsewhere, he is convinced that success comes to the man "with a programme." He leaves nothing to chance; he plans everything. He has ability to initiate, resolution to insist, capability to execute. His committees are carefully selected, with primary reference to their working rather than their representative power, and, once selected, they are expected to adorn their offices with good works. Mr. Mills knows what he wants, and expects his wishes to be granted. Always ready to acknowledge a real difficulty and to make necessary modifications, he yet scorns trifles and easily distinguishes obstacles from obstinacy. He has strength of character sufficient to make him master of the situation. He never shares his throne, but, however insistent he may be for plan or method, one cannot fail to see that he is impelled by the sacrificial rather than by the selfish spirit. Manifestly he is doing not his own, but another's will. He wants "to give, not to sell." He is a gentleman.

A second qualification is his discrimination. One great advantage of Mr. Mills is his education. He is a college-bred, a cultured man. The questions of the day, social and religious, excite his quick interest, enlist his eager attention. He sees the gospel's broad relationships with life, and estimates at true value its permeating power. He therefore preaches a gospel of depth as well as of length. He has a variety of ammunition, and never uses birdshot where bullets are demanded. He fires no blank cartridges. He understands that repentance is a matter of the will, penitence of the sensibility; and he never confounds the two. He discards formulas which have been popular with evangelists of other days, but out of which the life has so far gone that they are decrepit and meaningless for the men of to-day. He appreciates the forces which are on his side, and in the confidence of their co-operative support makes his advances. He is courteous but courageous, deferential but distinct, mindful but manly. He is tender, yet he never trims; persuasive, yet never pugnacious; he is eager and emphatic, yet he does not rouse enmity. He balances rather than bombards. He appeals; he does not anathematize. He is a straight-away, manly, discriminating preacher. He is emphatically "one who knows, standing up in the midst of those who know, holding forth to those who as yet do not know the message of salvation from the living God and the exalted Christ." "He knows;" that is the root of it all. Knows what? The gift of God. He is a gentleman.

B. Fay Mills

The third characteristic is his devotion. Mr. Mills knows from experience enough of the blight of sin to appreciate the blessing of salvation. He is still at work upon his own life; he does not count himself to have apprehended. He believes that there are larger visions of God for his soul's eye to behold, richer triumphs of grace for his own heart to experience, and yet more mighty attainments for God to be realized through his life. He has not written "finis" beneath his spiritual development; the end is not yet. His soul still feels the stirring of a divine discontent; "that I may know him" has not ceased to be the prayer and the purpose of his life. Thus those who know him best discern a personal spiritual growth, the effect of which is a richer fruitage in his own life and consequently in his work. He is a devoted man,—devoted not only to his great tasks, but to his own soul. He does not mean that the torch which is to kindle other altars shall itself burn low. His devotion is born of his love to his Master. He has caught his spirit. He has something "to give, not something to sell." He is a gentleman.

Invisible forces are strongest. While we comment on what we can see, let us not forget the unseen. Unnoticed by the great world which grandly confesses her husband, making her great sacrifice of giving him so much to the world, keeping him so little to herself, there is the quiet, beautiful, deep, souled wife, who is to Mr. Mills comfort, companion, courage. The world will never know how much of his inspiration and power has come through her mediatorship. Here is a deep, rich, full soul, tenanted by heavenly occupants. She, too, has for the world "something to give, not something to sell." She is a gentlewoman, apart from whom he might not have been a gentleman.

A GREAT SORROW.

The Rev. James Evans was one of the most devoted and successful missionaries who have labored among the Indian tribes of North Western America. Some of his canoe trips extended for thousands of miles. He had also a train of half dogs, half wolves, for his winter journeys. Their marvellous speed and endurance as well as their fierceness and sagacity, were extraordinary. When the nights in the winter camps were unusually cold, these fierce animals would crowd into the camp, and lying on their backs, would hold up both their fore and hind feet, and thus mutely beg for some one to have compassion on them and put on the warm woollen dog-shoes.

Mr. Evans found it difficult to teach the Indians to read in the ordinary way owing to their nomadic habits, so he set to work to invent a simpler method, and succeeded. The principle of the characters which he adopted is phonetic. There are no silent letters. Each character represents a syllable; hence no spelling is required. The principle is so simple that old and young may learn to read in a few days. When Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada he heard on one occasion that two missionaries to the Indian tribes were in Ottawa, so he sent for them. They showed him a Testament in the Cree language printed in Evans' Syllabic Characters, and explained the principle to him. He was so deeply interested that before the interview was over he was able to read a portion of the Lord's Prayer, at which he was so excited, that he exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Young, what a blessing to humanity the man was who invented that alphabet."

One of his most memorable journeys was to the Athabasca and Mackenzie River country, in order to thwart some Romish priests who were trying to turn his converts from the simplicity of the Gospel. With his beloved interpreter, Joseph Hasselton, a man who could talk almost every Indian language of the land, and a devoted Christian, full of zeal for the work, the long journey was commenced. One morning, very early, while they were paddling along the great Nelson river, the interpreter, who was in the front of the canoe, said, "I see some ducks in those reeds near the shore. Hand me the gun." In these small canoes the guns are generally kept in the stern with the muzzles pointing back, so as to prevent accidents. The man at the stern quickly picked up the gun, and foolishly drew back the trigger. With the muzzle pointing forward, he passed the gun to Mr. Evans, who did not turn his head as he was looking intently for the ducks. As Mr. Evans took the gun he unfortunately let the trigger, which had no guard round it, strike against the mast of the canoe. Instantly it went off, and the contents were discharged into the head of the poor man in front. He turned his dying eyes upon Mr. Evans, and then fell over a corpse. It was an awful accident, and doubly painful on account of the surroundings, for the survivors could not take the body back, as they were two hundred miles from any habitation, so they had to dig a grave in the wilderness, and there bury the dead.

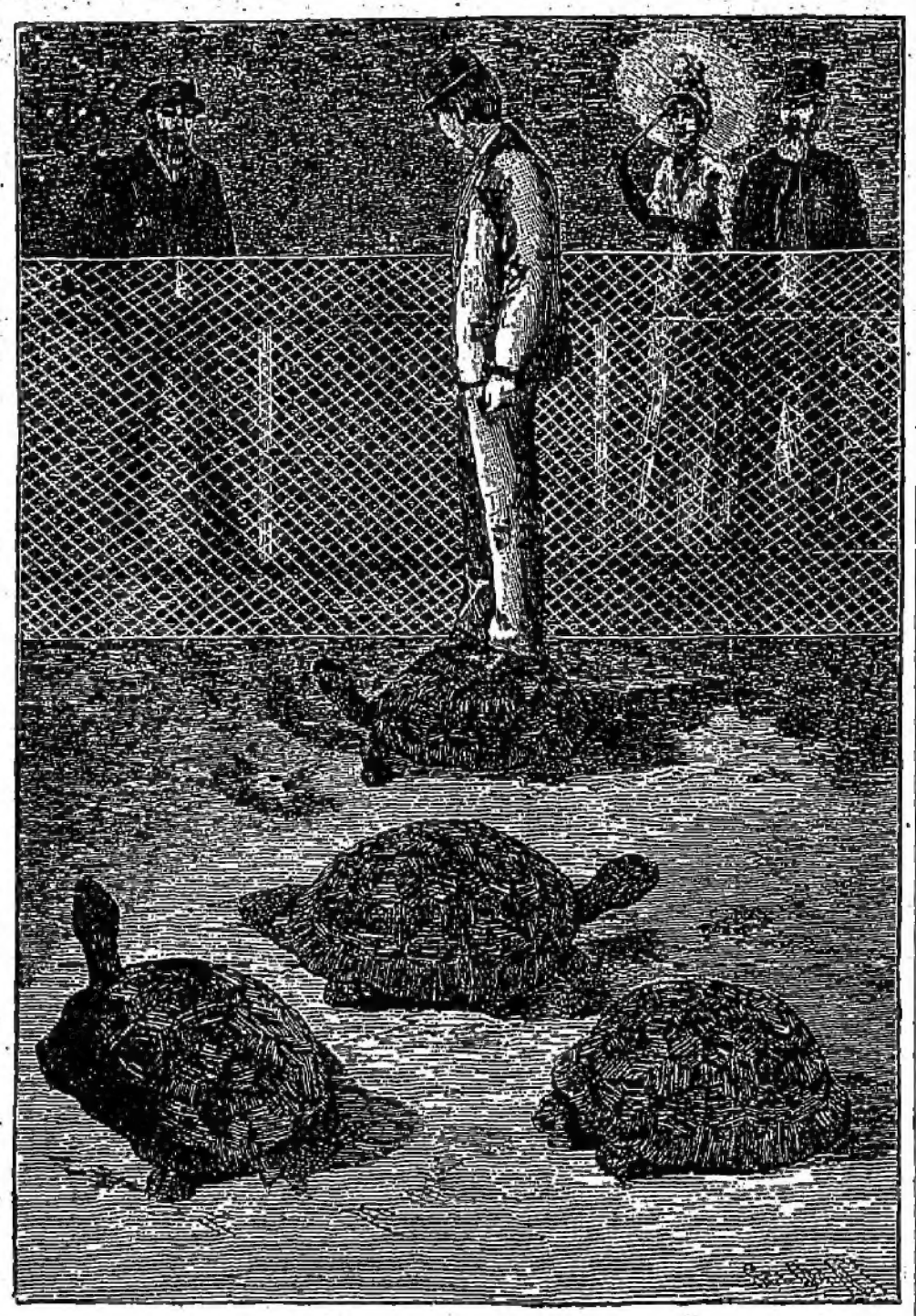
The journey home was a sad one. Great was the grief at the village, and greater still the consternation when it was discovered what Mr. Evans had resolved to do. His interpreter was the only Christian among his relatives. The rest of them were wild pagans with bad records. Life for life was their motto. They lived several hundred miles away, and Mr. Evans resolved to go and surrender himself to them, tell them what he had done, and take all the consequences. He turned a deaf ear to the suggestion, not to go himself but to send a mediator. Having made his will and given instructions as to his work, he started off on his strange and perilous journey.

Reaching the distant village, he walked into the tent of the parents of his interpreter, and told them that his heart was broken, and why. Angry words were uttered, and tomahawks and guns freely handled while he described the tragic scene. Feeling so utterly miserable that he cared little whether they killed him or let him live, he sat down on the ground in their midst, and awaited their decision. Some of the hot-headed spirits were for killing him at once; but wiser counsels prevailed, and it was decided that he must be adopted into the family from which he had shot the son, and be all to them, as far as possible, that their son had been. This had been a good deal. Becoming a Christian had made him kind and loving, and so all that he could spare of his wages, earned while interpreting for Mr. Evans, had been faithfully sent to his parents. The ceremony of adoption lasted several days. Mr. Evans assumed as his Indian name that of this family, and a good son, indeed, they found him. When he left to return home they kissed him, and acted towards him with as much affection as such people can show. Many were the gifts which were sent them by their adopted son, who took good care of them while he lived.

Although the difficulty was thus tided over, the memory of it never faded away from Mr. Evans. He was never the same man after, but tried to bury his sorrow in incessant toil and labors so abundant, that but few even of the Indians could equal him. He died very suddenly when on a visit to England in 1846, to plead for his work and its needs.—*From Rev. Egerton Young's By Canoe and Dog Train.*

HUMOR CHILDREN.

It is good to humor children in following their natural bent in all right, helpful directions. Education is only the leading out of powers and faculties that are within. Encourage, therefore, such inclinations towards books, studies, mechanics, music, out-of-door pursuits, and healthful sports as shall help most truly to develop the child. As education comes more and more to include the development of a natural aptitude, it will be more and more successful. It is good to humor children in preserving their individuality, and in fostering a true self-respect.



THE GALAPAGAS TORTOISES.

SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By Marguerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER IV.—*(Continued.)*

Cruel as was Duke William, he was still human enough to feel the power of a loving and innocent child, the more so because this child was his own, and the only living being from whom he could claim any affection. There comes a time in every one's life, no matter how unloving and unlovable one may be, when there springs up in the heart a great and unexpected love that is worth more than all the hopes and ambitions of a lifetime. That time had come for Duke William. He did not feel this all at once; indeed it was many months before he realized what a strong hold Constance was taking each day upon his heart. At first he had enjoyed the childless intrepidity with which she always spoke to him, admired her quaint speeches, and been much amused by her arguments with him. No one ever argued with my lord at Mount St. Michael, or disputed his word, and he found it rather a pleasing novelty. He took especial delight in pretending to be converted to some of her views—which he found somewhat curious at times—after a long and stormy discussion, and he nearly always ended by granting her whatever she wished, no matter how eccentric or impossible her wishes might be. He was a man who loved his power more than anything else in the world, and who rarely missed a chance of showing it. He liked to think that through him a little child could rule a whole people, and in that thought he forgot that she was ruling him with the rest. It would have been a fearful thing for the people of Mount St. Michael had Constance been anything but the kind-hearted and loving child she was; for her father would as willingly have indulged her in cruel and thoughtless wishes as he did in her more amiable ones.

But a single wicked person in one family is quite enough; and Constance seemed to have inherited none of the faults which might have been expected. She was an object of love and admiration to every one at the castle. Although she was always the "Lady Constance," and her little word was law, she had a gentle, winning way of making herself obeyed, which made everybody happy to serve her. Her good nurse, Lasette, who had been with her from her cradle, and who had striven to train her childish heart to kind and unselfish thoughts, felt, when she saw the pretty child engaged in some good work for the poor little Normans of the village, and heard her pitying their hard and unhappy lot, that her efforts had not been in vain, and that some day, perhaps, the little Constance would be the means of righting the great wrongs that were done at Mount St. Michael.

In time, Duke William found no society so agreeable to him as that of his little daughter. His visits to the castle became more frequent, and his sojourns longer. He never ceased to enjoy, and indeed to marvel at, her unrestrained and childlike fondness for him. He did not understand that some people are made to love and to be loved, and that few can resist the hidden power of such natures; that a child like Constance could see no evil in others, but could rather love and magnify the little good that was in them. As for my lady, she liked nothing so well as to sit on my lord's knee and listen to the glowing accounts of the last foray, while the great fire crackled up the tall chimney, and the blazing logs lit up the darkness of the stately hall of the castle. She always kept her love for fierce and unruly people; and as his noble lordship thought it unnecessary to inform her of all the wrong and injustice he was guilty of when off on these expeditions, she also kept her admiration for him and his great power, and grieved often that she was "only a little maid," and could never join him in all the wonderful sports.

And then my lord would sigh bitterly and think of the little boy in the tower, and wonder why that child whom he hated should have been a boy.

"If I had a son like Constance," he would say to himself, "I should be a happy man."

But he did not deserve to be a happy man, when he was the cause of so much unhappiness to others; and he never was.

Constance did not feel the disappointment so keenly. She found much consolation in her dear Roncesvalles and the favorite hounds, and in flying her pet hawk. Whenever she could she accompanied her father in his hunts to the great forest; and indeed she had a great many more amusements than the little girls of those days were wont to have. And as she knew nothing of the little boy in the Great Tower and had never done any but kind and lovely deeds all her life, she was a very happy little girl.

It was not long before Duke William was again called away to fight for the glory of his king and his country; for in those troublous and ambitious times the noble gentlemen of Europe were seldom idle in that respect. But for some reason his lordship left Mount St. Michael this time with more reluctance than he had ever done. He did not like to confess, even to himself, that a little girl with a sweet, dimpled face and laughing blue eyes had alone been the means of keeping him at Mount St. Michael so long. Like all men with hard and unloving natures, he considered it an unmanly weakness to show love for any one. Still, he could not well help, and could scarcely account for, the strange new feeling he entertained for Constance. He excused himself, however, by saying that he was growing old, and that the pleasure of warfare was beginning to lose some of its charm for him; and that before many years more, the fireside at Mount St. Michael and Constance would be his best companions.

As he took leave of the pretty child, who clung to him, and wept with undisguised sorrow at parting from him, it suddenly came over him that, after all, she was the dearest thing in the world to him. No one had ever loved him so, nor ever trusted him as she did—not even the gentle being who had been his but a few short months. His hard heart melted for a moment. What if he fell, and should never see her again? In a burst of feeling he caught the little girl up in his arms and kissed her, and looked at her, murmuring almost fondly,—

"How fair she is, my little daughter, my Constance!"

And then, turning to the trusty Francis, he spoke in a voice that no one had ever heard before.

"My good friend," said he, "I leave the Lady Constance in your keeping. When I am hence, remember she rules Mount St. Michael and Normandy. In doing her bidding, you are doing mine."

These were strange words from his Grace the Duke of Normandy. Francis could scarcely recall having ever been spoken to before as my lord's "good friend," or having ever received such pleasing and amiable orders. But Francis was a wise man; and though he knew it would hardly be safe for him to disregard my lord's injunction, he could not help thinking, knowing Constance as well as he did, that my lady's views and her father's were vastly different on some points. But he promised, as he always did, to be her faithful servant, inwardly rejoicing that Constance had a good and loving little heart, and feeling sure that her wishes would be none but pleasant and easy ones to execute.

But here the good Francis was mistaken, as he fully realized some weeks later, when my Lady Constance asserted her power at Mount St. Michael in such a way that for a time he was greatly puzzled in his own mind as to which was the harder task—to obey my lord, or to disobey my lady.

CHAPTER V.—A CHILD'S VICTORY.

It was full midsummer. The air was sweet with the breath of the wild honeysuckle, and the fields were white and yellow with daisies. The tall trees swung softly beneath a clear blue sky; and an air of warmth and quiet, that should have made all things happy, rested upon Mount St. Michael. My Lady Constance was returning from a joyous canter among the hills with Roncesvalles. Her fresh cheeks were blooming with health and color, and her bright eyes glowing with strange excitement.

"O dear nurse," she cried in a distressed little voice, and throwing herself into Lasette's arms, "you cannot think what a dreadful thing I have just seen! Francis, dear, good Francis, is doing such a wicked thing!"

"What is it, sweet?" asked the nurse; "what is the good Francis doing to make my little lady look so rosy?"

"I could not reach them in time, dear Lasette. Roncesvalles was lazy and slow for the first time in his life; but I saw them as they left the court-yard through the great western gate. They were going to the Left Tower, with two noble-looking gentlemen who were bound hand and foot; and there was a sweet lady with them, with a babe in her arms, who wept and called out to them. But Francis would not listen, and he closed the gates upon her. And now he is letting them take those noble gentlemen to the great black dungeon, where they must starve and die, the lady says. O nurse, you should see the sweet babe! It is cruel to take away its father; and Francis must not do it, must he? I shall tell him he must not." And the pretty child's eyes ran over with tears as she thought of this needless suffering.

"My Constance, perhaps there is some good reason why those gentlemen should be taken to the tower," said Nurse Lasette soothingly, though she herself heaved a sigh and doubted her own words.

"A good reason for making people so unhappy, good nurse! I cannot think of one."

"You are still a very little girl, dear love, and you may not understand. Tell me, how came you to know all this?"

"I saw the lady as I was crossing the court-yard, and spoke with her; and she told me that her husband and her brother were prisoners sent to Mount St. Michael to be shut up in a dungeon and die. What are prisoners, Lasette?"

"Unhappy ones who are deprived of all their freedom, and who are watched and kept in some dreary place where neither love nor comfort is."

"And must they always die?"

"Not always; though they often wish they might."

(To be Continued.)

THE GALAPAGAS TORTOISES.

If the visitor to the Central Park menagerie will pass into the house behind the lion quarters, and walking past the stalls where the graceful antelopes of South Africa, the pretty gemsbok *(Oryx Gazella)*, are confined, look over the last bin on the right hand side, he will see a group of interesting objects—the Galapagas tortoises. If the temperature, the character of the day, and their own dispositions are in accord, he will find them taking some interest in their surroundings, and may be able to observe their stiff and strained attitudes, their inane, staring eyes, their gaunt, wrinkled necks, and the comical protusion of their legs. But if it is dark, or the surfeit of a late dinner has thrown them into post-prandial reflections, he will observe nothing but a bundle of dirty brown box-like humps, which are marked on their outer surface by a series of sculptured and raised ridges, while dimly seen within the gaping edges of their front and back margins, the folded limbs and withdrawn somnolent heads of their inmates are provokingly descried, motionless and torpid. These lumps of bone have, however, to the naturalist a great interest. They have been brought from that remarkable group of islands which lie some seven hundred miles from the west coast of South America, opposite Ecuador, beneath the equator, and belong to a fauna which, from its remote and insular position, has assumed an indigenous and unique character. Indeed the Galapagas Islands have received their name from these large tortoises. The name Galapagas alludes to them, which is seen more clearly in the German translation, *Schildkroteninseln*, and in the French *Iles des Tortues*, both designations being literally the islands of the tortoises. Chas. Darwin has devoted a chapter in his "Voyage of the Beagle" to a description of these curious reptiles, and they have been made the subject of many sketches by the chance tourists or wandering visitors of this remote region. Dr. A. Gunther also

prepared a masterly paper on these animals for the *Philosophical Transactions*, of England, and their discussion is a wide and tempting field in the subject of animal distribution and variation.

The Galapagas Islands are volcanic in their origin and present desolate surfaces of scoriæ, rugged and black surfaces of blistered and splintered lava. Here these immense tortoises were found by some of the earliest navigators, and were long resorted to as food by the buccaneers of the Spanish Main. Their flesh, especially that upon the breastbone, as instanced by Darwin, is very delicious, and as they retain their size and sweetness after months of confinement, they afforded a very convenient source of food for the provisioning of ships which would be for a long time away from means of supply of fresh meat. The great numbers of these reptiles in the islands before they had become reduced by men were surprising. In 1680 Dampier said of them: "The land turtle are here so numerous that five or six hundred men might subsist on them alone for several months without any other sort of provision." As early as Admiral Porter's visit to these islands (1813) the difference between the occupants of the different islands had been noticed. Dr. Gunther has separated the tortoises from this group into five different species, each restricted to its own island, and assumes their derivation from some typical ancestor whose characters have gradually diverged into these subordinate races by reason of the varying feature of food and habits. Darwin has given some of the most interesting observations about these strange creatures.

He says ("Voyage of the Beagle"). "The tortoise is very fond of water, drinking large quantities, and wallowing in the mud. The larger islands alone possess springs, and these are always situated toward the central parts and at a considerable height. The tortoises, therefore, which frequent the lower districts, when thirsty are obliged to travel from a long distance. Hence broad and well beaten paths branch off in every direction from the wells down to the seacoast, and the Spaniards, by following them up, first discovered the watering places. When I landed at Chatham Island, I could not imagine what animal travelled so methodically along well chosen tracks. Near the springs it was a curious spectacle to behold many of these huge creatures, one set travelling onward with outstretched necks, and another set returning, after having drunk their fill. When the tortoise arrives at the spring, quite regardless of any spectator he buries his head in the water above his eyes, and greedily swallows great mouthfuls, at the rate of about ten in a minute. The inhabitants say each animal stays three or four days in the neighborhood of the water, and then returns to the lower country; but they differed respecting the frequency of these visits. The animal probably regulates them according to the nature of the food on which it has lived. It is, however, certain that tortoises can subsist even on those islands where there is no other water than what falls during a few rainy days in the year." The Galapagas tortoise appears to be quite deaf, and gives but few audible indications of life. These are limited to the deep hiss it emits when disturbed, as it withdraws its head within its hard integument, and the roar given by the male in the breeding season. The female deposits its eggs in the sand and covers them up, but in rocky places drops them "indiscriminately in any hole." The eggs are white and spherical and are found seven inches in circumference.

The young become the prey of the flesh-eating buzzards, while those who escape and reach maturity die from accidents, as a natural death from disease or age seems almost unknown. They can be handled with impunity, but from their enormous size they frequently require the united efforts of five or seven men to lift them. They feed upon cactus or the leaves of various trees. They appear to be aboriginal inhabitants of these islands, and, therefore, have an almost exciting interest to naturalists; but they are also representatives of a wider distribution, for allied forms and even fossil remains of congeric species are found in Mauritius and its neighboring islands. They may be remnants of a tribe which over a broad Pacific continent has had an extreme easterly and westerly dispersion and now separated from their western allies have, in conjunction with these latter, undergone varietal changes which have become inherited and established separate generic groups.

MRS. GAY'S THANK-OFFERING BOX.

"I'm so much happy as if I have millions." So said an unusual guest in Mrs. Judge Gay's back parlor that September morning. It was Christine, the washerwoman, who had brought to Mrs. Gay her gift to missions; and this is how it came about.

In the household complications which arose during a prevailing influenza of the previous winter, Christine had been helping Mrs. Gay, from whose dressing-case one morning Christine in dusting took up a little pink pasteboard box. It looked so unlike its rich surroundings that she was hesitating what to do with it, when Mrs. Gay entered.

"Shall I take this to the child room?" inquired Christine.

"Yes—no, why that's my thank offering box," replied Mrs. Gay.

"Thank-offering box," slowly repeated Christine, little comprehending what that meant, and still at a loss what to do with it.

Seeing her puzzled look, Mrs. Gay began to explain. "It's to put money in when I'm thankful; it's for foreign missions."

"What missions are they?" inquired Christine, who knew only of the city mission.

"Oh, they're in China and India, in Turkey and Africa, and other countries," answered Mrs. Gay.

"Nobody can be so much poor as folks on the Flats, nor so much poor as folks in Sweden, anyway," answered Christine positively.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Gay. "Do mothers in Sweden, like Indian mothers, throw their beloved babies into a rapid river to please an angry god, and before they can turn away see them caught by a greedy shark? Do fathers in Sweden, like Chinese fathers, throw living girl babies into deep vaults built for very that purpose, or drown them in the presence of the agonized mothers? Do the women in Sweden, like the women of Turkey, cook their food in water brought a long way upon their heads, and with fuel carried from distant hill upon their backs, and when they have prepared a meal see their husbands and their husbands' dogs first filled, and themselves and children permitted to eat what is left!"

Mrs. Gay was suprised at her own words; but mistaking Christine's perplexed look for skepticism, she continued: "At the recent death of Ashantee's king, twelve living women were sacrificed to line his grave. Is anything like that done in Sweden!"

Christine's eyes opened wide. "Oh, Mrs. Gay, if things be so bad why don't the ministers say so? Why do they preach as we do well to be saved ourself, and say not about other poor bodies. I wish I had a box." And Christine resumed her dusting.

"Here, take this," said Mrs. Gay; "you're welcome to it, I am sure."

Christine took the box. She never dreamed how welcome she was to it. She never suspected that all this eloquence was but the effervescence of the views of missions which Mrs. Webb, the president of the auxiliary, had been so faithfully dropping into Mrs. Gay's worldly mind.

Christine did not know that for months that little box had stood upon Mrs. Gay's dressing-case quite unheeded. Unheeded, did I say? Silently it had put in its plea to many a purchase which Mrs. Gay had made.

A new rug had been needed for the library. Mrs. Gay wanted a Persian. "Buy a Wilton," cried the little pink box, "and help Dahomey's burdened women." "The best is the cheapest; besides I do not like my friends to think I have no taste," argued Mrs. Gay, and she decided upon the Persian.

New curtains were needed for the parlors. "Buy Brussels net," whispered the pink box, "and help those little ones over there," and India's child widows lifted beseeching eyes. "These Irish point are so much handsomer," urged Mrs. Gay, "and while one is getting it is economy to get a really good article;" and the Irish point were purchased.

The china had to be renewed. "Buy Haviland; they are the very best," said the clerk in Ovington's. "Buy Carlsbad," urged the little monitor of the dressing-case, and China's babies filled the air with wailing. "These Haviland wares are exquisite," returned Mrs. Gay. "I dote on lovely China;" and the Haviland was ordered.

What wonder that Mrs. Gay had spoken earnestly! She had only repeated what she had herself heard. If bitterness were in her tone, Christine mistook its meaning. To her humble home that night Christine took the little box. She held it in her toil-worn hand, she studied its mystic letters, "W.B.M.I." "Women Be Much Interested," she exclaimed triumphantly, as she dropped her first coin within, and then went upon her knees with sincerer thanks than she had ever felt before.

She went to her work the next morning with a new song in her heart. She could not have told you why, but there was a new meaning in everything. Each homely task took on a new significance. She was the daughter of a King, a co-worker with the Lord. She did her work better and the favors she received were but a natural consequence.

Mrs. Field had her maid put aside all remnants from the table for Christine's chickens and with each sackful Christine dropped a nickle in her box, "for now," she reasoned to herself, "I have no chicken food to buy." If Mrs. Cook gave her a new apron a nickle went lovingly into the box.

When one March day her neighbor Johnson slipped and sprained her ankle in going down the icy, precipitous banks of the Mississippi which separated the homes of the well-to-do from the riverside where Christine dwelt, she sat down and slid and saved a fall. 'Twas then she made a special offering.

So day by day, and in many ways that box was filled and on the morning referred to, she had brought it to Mrs. Gay. Mrs. Gay was at first surprised, then she remonstrated. "You are giving too much, Christine; you can't afford it."

Christine was hurt. Then she drew close to Mrs. Gay, and lowering her tone, and in the most confiding manner she remarked: "I've thirty dollars in the bank. I can give so much as this, and I'm so much happy as if I have millions," and then she hurried off to her day's work.

Expensive carpets, rich draperies, and rare bric-a-brac had no interest for Mrs. Gay that day. She thought of their bank stock, and of their real estate, and of Christine's box. She had been trying to quiet her conscience with a dollar a year for missions, but before she slept that night she took from her purse a gold half eagle and tucked it into the box.

But Christine had had another auditor that morning. Judge Gay himself was sitting in the library and had heard every word. He was not happy, though he had made the day before a sale of real estate at such a proud advance. Now he was belaboring himself because he had not held it at twelve thousand instead of ten.

Christine's exultant "I'm so much happy as if I have millions" kept ringing in his ears.

That night when the house was still, no one but God and the angels saw Judge Gay take that little box and slip two gold eagles into its almost bursting sides.

Of the rejoicing in heaven we do not know; but we do know that there was a burden lifted from the missionary society next day when the thank-offering was counted, and that Mrs. Webb recognized a peculiar tenderness in Mrs. Gay's voice as she spoke of "our" and not "your" missionary society.

But Mrs. Webb did not know for years how it came about, and Christine never knew the part she had in making both Judge and Mrs. Gay the earnest helpers they became in all missionary enterprises.—*Mrs. Celia E. Leavitt, in Northern Presbyterian.*

SUCCESS ACCOUNTED FOR.

Dr. Joseph Parker addressed these words to young ministers at a recent service: You are not George Whitefield simply because you have a cast in one eye; you are not Mr. Spurgeon because you are eccentric. A man is not necessarily Byron because he limps, nor is one inevitably Burns because he drinks. Many men are puzzling themselves quite needlessly in trying to account for Mr. Spurgeon's success. You can only account for it by the fact that he was sent from God—he lived in God. God lived in him.

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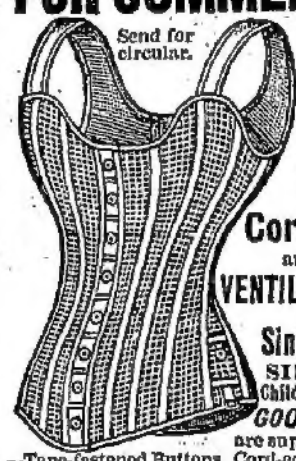

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SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By Marguerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER V.—*(Continued).*

"Oh, I wish they were no dungeon towers at Mount St. Michael! Think of it, good nurse! The poor lady has walked for days across the moors only to be with them, and now they will not let her go into the tower to see them; she says she will die of grief. But Francis must not let this be done; he must not shut them up in that black, black tower, must he?"

Lasette longed to say no, and to ease her child's anxious little heart; but she could not. She could only take her in her arms and stroke her fair hair soothingly.

"These good men must be set free," the little girl went on. "I am sure they have done no wrong; for they are noble and princely-looking, like my dear father himself. He would let them go if he were here. I must seek Francis and tell him so." And she bounded away with a face full of determination.

"Nay, nay, Constance!" cried Lasette in alarm, "you can do nothing. Francis is doubtless doing what is right, and my lord your father's will. These things must happen in war—and indeed I would there were no wars. But we can do naught but wait, and comfort the poor lady, and bid her hope for their release some time."

"But she says they will never be pardoned, Lasette,—that they are doomed to die. It is a fearful thing. It must not happen at Mount St. Michael; and we will not let it, will we, dear nurse?"

"Ah, Constance," thought the good Lasette, "many fearful things have been done at Mount St. Michael of which your tender little heart knows nothing. Would there were more like you! there would be less suffering and sorrow in the world."

"You do not answer me," said Constance, fearing her nurse was falling into one of those long and sad reveries which the little girl could not understand, and which always troubled her. "Tell me what are you thinking of when your dear eyes are looking away off at nothing, like that? Are you thinking of the poor prisoners, and of how we can help them?"

"It is needless to think of that, my sweet Constance. I fear we never can."

"O nurse, we must! I will never love you again if you do not say we can." And she kissed and caressed Lasette in a way that plainly belied her words. "Come, let us go and find Francis, and I will tell him how it is, and that he must let them go before nightfall; for they have a long journey before them."

Lasette allowed herself to be led away. It was impossible to hold out long against Constance. She had such simple, childish trust in the kindliness of others that no request seemed to her too daring. She was a wise child for her years, and could often be made to recognize her wilfulness whenever her little wishes were unreasonable—as they not infrequently were. But she took no refusal when she felt inwardly sure that some great good for others would come of what she asked.

A great deal of talking went on with Francis, who at first laughed at my lady, and then tried to reason with her. He told her that these noble gentlemen were dangerous prisoners and powerful enemies of the king; and that the duke her father was doing his liege a great service by keeping them safely out of the way. But Constance could not be convinced that two such noble-looking persons could possibly be dangerous, or could in any way deserve to be locked up in a tower and made miserable. She used all her wiles on the good steward, and finally recalled her father's words to him, asking him if he were not ashamed so ill to keep his promise.

This was bewildering, and Francis hardly knew what to do. My lord would certainly be furious if he found his captives gone when he returned; my lord would be furious if he knew that Constance had been thwarted or grieved in any way; in fact, my lord was such a strange man that he would be furious whatever was done; and Francis felt for this once only, that my Lady Constance was as hard to serve as her father.

"By the great St. Michael!" he exclaimed, "I love the little lady dearly, but I can ill spare my head at five-and-forty."

But her ladyship seemed to have no thought of this. Indeed she went alone to visit the unfortunate prisoners and to comfort them. She assured them, in her bright and hopeful way that Francis would not be obstinate long, and that ere another dawn they would be on their way homeward. She did not know why they smiled so faintly, and why they seemed to take more pleasure in looking at her glowing little face and touching her fair hair than in the glad news she brought.

St. Michael was a well known and dreaded fortress. Every one had heard of its great, deep dungeons, which for centuries had scarcely been idle. Every one knew of the fierce old duke, and his love of wickedness and revenge. But every one did not know of the little girl who had lately grown up at Mount St. Michael, and in whose small person was so much power, but whose power was love.

I cannot say whether Constance would have carried the day with Francis, or indeed what would have happened, if at this supreme moment my lord himself had not appeared, and just at the time to witness the most interesting part of the struggle between them. All the castle-folk were in a state of great excitement, of course. Such a strange thing had never been heard of at Mount St. Michael. Little girls were not wont to interfere with the affairs of the kingdom, nor to release prisoners of war. It was an extraordinary event; and every one felt it to be an anxious time—most of all the good Francis, who afterward declared frankly that for the first time in his life he was truly glad to see Duke William's lordly face turned toward Mount St. Michael.

And Constance was happier than she had ever been at the sight of his lordship. She knew very well that Francis would never dare to dispute with him as he had done with her, and that with such a great and powerful person as her father all things were possible.

She did not wait for the usual evening confidences around the fireside. Before my lord had fairly alighted from his horse, she had related the wholestory to him in her eager and impulsive way—pictured the distress of the young mother, praised in glowing terms the brave courage of the unhappy prisoners, and expressed her own grief that they had met with such uncourteous treatment at Mount St. Michael. There was not the shadow of a doubt in her words as she took her father's hand and said,—

"I knew, dear father, that you would not let this thing happen at your castle. Now the gentlemen may go, and the dear lady with them, may they not?"

A terrible look came into my lord's face—a look of mingled rage and fear. Yes, he was afraid of those simple trustful words—afraid lest that dear, childish faith in him should be shaken, or perhaps lost for ever; angry that he had been unconsciously trapped by her in one of his wicked designs and caused for one moment to lose sight of his own selfish ends. Francis understood the look, more especially as it was directed to him, and freighted with terrible meaning; but Constance did not. She fancied my lord was displeased at the wrong that had been done in his absence; and she began to fear she had spoken too severely in poor Francis' behalf, and might be now calling down untold evils on his faithful head.

"My lord," she cried, looking up at him with anxious eyes, "you will pardon the good Francis; he did not understand as we do. Let him go and release the prisoners and make them happy."

"Francis hath ill obeyed his orders and deserves no such honorable task," replied Duke William, directing his answer to the good servant. "What has the Lady Constance to do with affairs like these, or to be troubled with them?"

Francis made no protest.

"My father," returned the child, with a tender little look that was almost a caress, "the Lady Constance has troubled herself with this affair, and Francis is really not to blame. He would have hidden it all from me, but I would not let him. And, indeed, I saw the lady myself, and she told me everything. You must see the sweet lady, dear father; and she will tell you, too, what great good men her husband and her brother are, and how innocent they are of any guilt."

"I have no wish to see the sweet lady or her noble relatives," rejoined my lord, with a grim effort at a smile. "I know the story of their innocence perhaps better than my little daughter. I only wish that she will not trouble herself with matters so much beyond her years, nor give her father cause to make her unhappy. Take," said he, turning to his servant—"take the child away; she must hear no more."

But Constance was not to be baffled even by this first approach to a refusal.

"But I shall be very unhappy if I do not know more. Tell me, dearest father," she cried, clinging to him appealingly, "must these gentlemen die in the dungeon? Oh, I cannot think of it! It is a fearful thing to die, is it not?"

"We must all come to it, soon or late," returned my lord, dryly; "and these gentle will scarcely be the worse for it a hundred years hence."

"But think of their wives and their dear little children who must live on without them. I should grieve so if any one took your life; I should want to die too." And Constance looked up at him with blue and tearful eyes.

The sight of her grief, of her tenderness for him, stayed my lord's displeasure. He laid his hand on her fair hair and stroked it gently.

"And, sir," she went on, "is it not a wicked, wicked sin to take little children's fathers from them? And would not the good St. Michael, who loves all little children—would he not be angry with us all if such a thing were done at Mount St. Michael?"

Duke William felt a cold stream about his heart. What memory did those clear, childish words recall to him? What was it that held him, that made him tremble—he so strong in wickedness ever before, so immovable in his purpose—when those trustful, innocent eyes looked straight into his? All at once there rose in his mind a strangely-mingled picture of his young wife, with her sweet face and angel smile, and of the youthful brother upon whom he looked in cold blood on that dismal battle-field. A shudder ran through his frame.

"Bring me the wine!" he cried; "my blood is cold.—Ah, Constance, Constance! that look hath made a coward of your father!" And his head dropped in silence on his breast.

He was thinking, not of the wrong he had meditated, not of the sorrow he would have caused, nor of the wrath he might be calling down from heaven upon his head; indeed he had so long lived in total disregard of any power greater than himself that he never thought of the vengeance of a just Providence. He was thinking selfishly, as he always did, of what he himself was in danger of losing—this trust, this admiration, this perfect childish love, which was more to him than all his hopes of former years.

He felt the little girl's hand nestle softly within his, and the spell was broken. "Go," said he to one of his attendants—"go, release the prisoners, and say it is the Lady Constance gives them their liberty."

Such glad, glad words to the ears of the little Constance! Such startling news to weary, hopeless captives! And, oh, such rejoicing as there was at Mount St. Michael that night; and such praises to the good patron saint, that Duke William had at last found something to warm his hard and bitter old heart? And such secret hopes as rose in the bosoms of the good nurses for that other child—the dear little prisoner whom every one loved, but for whom nobody dared to intercede!

Everybody was so happy, and wore such a bright and smiling face, at the thought of this first good deed of my lord's, that Duke William did not feel quite at home in his own castle. The thought of his good deed did not impress him as favorably as it did the rest. Indeed, after having slept over his amiable resolutions, he considered them only weak and cowardly, and concluded that the genial influence of love and virtue was unfitting him for his knightly duties.

Several hours before dawn my lord left the fortress, following close upon the footsteps of the luckless noblemen, and was neither seen nor heard of for many a long day. He went, he said with a wicked smile, to see them safely on their way; but how they fared in my lord's kindly custody, or whether they ever reached the end of their journey in safety, neither my Lady Constance nor any one else at Mount St. Michael ever knew.

CHAPTER VI.—YEARNINGS AND DREAMS.

Sweet William had no knowledge of all this. Why should he—a little boy living away in a lonely tower, seeing no one but his good, kind nurse and his merry old keeper, who both kept from him anything that might disturb his sweet contentment? William had never heard of wars nor of captives. He did not even know that he himself was one. He did not know that there were people in the world who were doing cruel and unjust things, and spending the best part of their lives in making other people unhappy. He did not know that such a person, very nearly related to him, was living hard by at the castle, and had for long years been cherishing evil and malicious designs against his own innocent little self. But he did know that in this same great castle there lived another child who like himself had lost her dear young mother—a little girl who had been born on the same day with him, and who Mathilde had said was good and beautiful. He always spoke of her as "my fair cousin Constance;" and without having ever seen her face, her image was enthroned in his young heart, and he loved it in a vague and indefinite way, as one loves a fair ideal or a dear memory.

He often wondered if he would ever really see her, and be permitted to kiss her hand and do brave deeds for her sake as cousins always did in the lovely fairy-stories his nurse told him. And she would always say,—

"Some day, Sweet William, some day you will surely live at the castle with the Lady Constance, and be happy. Oh, may the good God will that it be soon!"

"And may I then see my fair cousin every day?" William would ask; "and will she sing with me as you do, nurse, and let me play with her?"

To which Mathilde would always reply, with a kiss and a hopeful smile, "Doubtless, sweetheart, doubtless."

"And what games would please a little maid like her, do you think? Surely 'twould frighten her to hear Guilbert roar like the lion when we have our tournaments;" for in his tender heart he was ever building very light and airy little castles for that happy time when he would go forth into the big world as other children did, and see the many strange things he had only heard of as yet, and learn much that would make him good and wise and teach him to make others happy.

Thus he and Mathilde would talk and plan for hours together, and devise a score of pleasing and impossible things for those happy days to come. And they took so much pleasure in these innocent hopes that Sweet William never wearied of his solitude. Indeed he loved it, and would have been sorry to leave the dear old quietness of the tower, and the drowsy murmurs of the sea beneath it, and the merry chirp of the birdlings at his windows, and all the simple tokens of love in which his captivity was so skilfully concealed from him, had he suddenly been taken from them all.

He knew—for his good nurse had told him—that for some reason which he was yet too young to understand, he must live in the tower and never ask to leave it; and he never did, being blessed with a sweet spirit of submission that made his childish trust and all faith the more pathetic. He knew that his nurse loved him; and he listened to her hopeful words, and looked forward to that strangely distant future, of which they so often spoke, much as we look forward to a glorious hereafter while still loath to leave this less lovely world.

(To be Continued.)

STARTS SERIOUS THINKING.

The article, "Hereditary Insanity," published by an eminent specialist, Dr. L. D. Mason, consulting physician to the Fort Hamilton home for inebriates, should start some serious thinking as to whether alcohol is not responsible for a good many of the deformed bodies, shortened limbs, defective eyesights, imperfect nervous constitutions, weak minds and early deaths observed daily in almost every community. The offspring of alcoholized dogs show all these defects, why not the offspring of alcoholized human beings, who are so much more highly organized than dogs?—*Voice.*